

MR. MERCHANT
Let the Eagle Advertise Your
Business. Rates Reasonable

MR. MERCHANT
Let Us Do Your Job Printing
We Guarantee Satisfaction

The Mountain Eagle.

Volume 2

Whitesburg, Letcher County, Kentucky, January 7, 1909.

Number 19

EDUCATIONAL

Several New Facts in the Controversy Which
Our Readers Will be Glad to
Find Out.

By W. J. STANDEFER, Pound, Va.

Being a constant reader of the Eagle I have noticed the controversy as to the education of girls with considerable interest, and believing this most vital subject will ever prove interesting I write you a short article.

I certainly believe in education, for both boys and girls, and that their education should be equal in every respect, with perhaps the exception of manual training and business; even in manual training they should have the most thorough instruction in all branches that pertain to domestic and household duties. In all the academic and classical branches I believe the education of both sexes should be equal, for no woman can fully appreciate the aims and ambitions of her husband unless she is equally educated.

Let a man marry a woman who is his inferior in education and misunderstanding is almost sure to result; besides, education gives a better understanding of nature, a fuller appreciation of the beautiful in nature, a broader view of life as a whole. It increases the capacity for enjoyment of the things that are good in this world and enables us to shun the things that are evil; for it is only through knowledge of good and bad that we can separate them and accept the good and reject the bad.

I believe that the inculcation of high and noble ideals is or should be the primary aim of every institution of learning in the United States. Let every teacher, every school official, make this of prime importance, let it be impressed on the mind of every teacher and every patron that the prime object of education is not to stuff the brain full of facts and figures, but to produce citizens of the highest moral character combined with intelligence, and when this result has not been obtained education has failed of its purpose entirely.

What we want is a citizenship that is intelligent and of a high moral character, and we must have it if we are to maintain the priceless heritage bequeathed to us by our forefathers—the independence of the great American republic and the liberties of the people that constitute it.

There are strong tendencies toward imperialism and monarchy in this great republic today, and if our schools do not or can not change this dangerous trend into other and safer channels, it will result sooner or later in the destruction of all our most cherished institutions, and if our women are not educated the process will perhaps be much slower, for the mother and the wife are the most potent factors in the forming of character. If our girls grow up into womanhood without the refining influence of education how can we expect their children to be refined and intelligent men and women?

Now, young girls and women, remember that we are not living in the mediaeval age when women were but household slaves but in the enlightened and progressive twentieth century where women are occupying positions of the highest responsibility. We

have women lawyers, doctors and officers of various kinds, in fact they are now engaged in nearly every profession and trade known to mankind.

So do not let yourself be deluded into the belief that woman's sole sphere is in the house, Wake up to the importance of education and do not spend your younger years in chasing that delusive phantom—pleasure—but make use of every moment in study and improvement; cultivate your mind and prepare to enjoy life in a fuller measure than you can possibly gain by mere gratification of the animal passions. Prepare to be the wives of men, not the wives of mere ignorant degenerates whose sole pleasure is the gratification of their animal passions and whose greatest ambition is to be a good gambler or a drunkard.

Now let us all put our shoulder to the wheel. Let us all stand firmly for advancement and progress, not for degeneracy and ignorance. Let us give our best efforts for the uplifting and the betterment of the human race and I am sure we shall reap a rich reward in the consciousness of duty well done and a feeling of safety for the welfare of future generations and the safety of their liberties.

Commissioner's Sale

J. H. Frazier, Plff., vs. R. O. Brashears, etc., Deft., and R. O. Brashears, plff., vs. J. H. Frazier, deft.--Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of Letcher Circuit Court rendered at its Sept. term 1908 and also by virtue of another judgment of said court rendered at its Nov. term 1893 in above styled action I shall proceed to offer for sale to highest and best bidder at public auction, at Courthouse door in Whitesburg Ky. on Jan. 11, 1909, at 1 o'clock or thereabout, on a credit of six months the following described property to-wit:

Said property lies in the town of Whitesburg, Ky. and is bounded on the north by Main street, on west by Manerva Brashears' lot, on south by northfork of Kentucky river, on east by lots of J P Marrs and J H Frazier.

For the purchase price the purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security having the force and effect of a judgment and a lien will be reserved on the property until all the purchase price is paid and bearing legal interest from date until paid. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

J. W. Hale,
C. L. C. C.

County Clerk's Notice.

That all deeds, mortgages, etc. filed for record in the Letcher County Court Clerk's office, are now of record, and all persons who have such papers will please call and get same on or before Jan. 11, 1909, or else I must collect as the law directs in such cases.

Respectfully,
Andrew J. Sturkill,
C. L. C. C.

Literary Gems

(Selection and introduction by Judge S. E. Baker)

The poem entitled, "The Beautiful Snow," is justly placed among the gems of our literature but there are perhaps many readers of the Eagle who are not familiar with the history of it and perhaps none who know the name of its author. The manuscript of the poem was found among the personal effects of a young woman of perhaps twenty-two years of age, highly educated, richly endowed by nature, and possessing rare gifts, but, alas, who had in an evil hour yielded to temptation and for several years had led a life of shame. She was found upon the streets of Cincinnati on a cold night in the winter of 1862 and taken to the Commercial Hospital where she died, and on the following Sunday morning the poem was published for the first time in the "National Union." Such in brief is the history, as remembered by the writer, and it is given for what it is worth. Below is the manuscript as found:

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

"Oh, the snow! the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below!
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of people you meet,
Dancing—
Flirting—
Skimming along.
Beautiful snow, it can do no wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair ladies' cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an Angel, gentle as love.
Oh, the snow! the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one,
Chasing—
Laughing—
Hurrying by.
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye,
And e'en the dogs with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around,
The town is alive, and its heart is aglow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sleighs like meteors dash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye,
Kissing—
Swinging—
Dashing they go,
Over the crest of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the horrible filth of the street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell, like the snowflakes from heaven to hell!
Fell, to be trampled as filth of the street;
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat.
Pleading—
Cursing—
Dreading to die,

Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead,
Merciful God, have I fallen so low?
Yet once I was pure as the beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow,
Once I was loved for my innocent grace
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face,
Father—
Mother—
Sisters—all;

God and myself, I lost by the fall!
The veriest wretch that goes slithering by,
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too high;
For of all that is on or about me I know,
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go,
How strange it would be, when night comes again
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain;
Fainting—
Freezing—
Dying alone—

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy at the snow's coming down;
To lie and die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow."

QUEER THINGS--THESE--

The man who can't remember his wife's birthday.	dence to provide the family with a home and something to eat.
The man who labors under the delusion that his wife's money belongs to him.	The man who thinks women are angels.
The man who thinks a woman is "fixed for the season" if she has a new gown.	The man who thinks a sick wife would feel better if "she'd just get up and stir 'round".
The man who talks of "supporting" a wife when she is working fourteen hours a day, including Sunday.	The man who leaves his wife at home when he takes his summer vacation.
The man who provides himself with a family and trusts Providence to provide the family with a home and something to eat.	The man who doesn't know what on earth a woman wants with money when she has bills at the store.

TWO GOOD LETTERS

From Louisa Bolling
and Mrs. Byrd Ison.

Dear Editor,

As the Eagle has been arriving at our place for some time and I see so many interesting letters from friends and relatives I will write you. I am 16 years old and like to do housework; I haven't been to school this fall but stay home and let the younger ones go. My mother is dead but have a good stepmother. I hope the Eagle may never stop flying. As this is my first attempt I will close.

Louisa Breeding.

Dear Editor,

As Santa has just passed thro' I will take time to pen a word or so to the noble bird.

I think with the return of the Christmas just passed that our hearts ought to be turned into a brighter glow. Those who have spent this Christmas in the proper spirit no doubt feel the glow of happiness on their brows and will be able to set out in the race of life with renewed energy. And, dear boys and girls, as we go let us all form friends with older people as well as those of our own age. In order to do this we must be kind. Kindness is the milk of human existence. Without it no one can make friends. Therefore, let us all live up to every obligation in every way we can, thereby spreading flowers along our own pathway as well as those of our friends.

Trusting that you have all passed a happy, harmless Christmas and wishing you a bright new year, I am, Resp.,

Mrs. Byrd Ison.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes

By virtue of taxes due the state of Kentucky and Letcher county by Letcher Cannel Coal, Iron & Timber Co. for the years of 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, I will on Monday, Jan. 11, 1909, being the first day of the January term of Letcher Circuit Court, expose to public sale to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, at the Courthouse door in Whitesburg, Ky. between 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. the following described property or so much thereof as will satisfy the taxes, penalties, interest and costs, to-wit: One certain tract or parcel of land in Letcher Co., Ky., and on Camp and Rockhouse fork of Northfork of Kentucky river, being the lands conveyed to Letcher Cannel Coal, Iron & Timber Co. by the Interstate Oil Co. by deed dated July 2, 1902, and recorded in deed book V page 567 Letcher County Court Clerk's office and for full description of said land reference is made to the record in said clerk's office.

Tax, pen. and cost 1904,	\$ 547.40
" " 1905,	547.40
" " 1906,	520.00
" " 1907,	578.00
" " 1908,	604.62
Total	\$2,798.62

Given under my hand this 14th day of Dec. 1908.

C. C. Crawford, S. L. C.

Simulation Diamonds

Attention is called to the ad of the Barnatto Diamond Co., Chicago, Ill., on page 4 of this issue which is self explanatory. Read it, write them and mention the Eagle.

THE HOME CIRCLE

Dedicated to Tired Mothers and the Children
as They Join the Home Circle
at Evening Tide.

CRUDE THOUGHTS BY THE EDITOR

Dear reader, just suppose you and I sit down and have an old-fashioned commonsense talk. This you know is 1909, and really the first Sunday in that year—a good time to look back down the calendar and then back up the calendar and see "where we are at." It never pays to linger long on the past, that at its best is gloomy enough, except to check up and pry into where we made our mistakes. Now, you know, dear reader, that it is not wise to repeat the same mistakes over and over. If I made a mistake yesterday I must not do the same thing again today. Even the child that has burned its finger is afraid of fire. Are we less senseless or less wise than the child? It would be difficult to name anything in all the world that is greater than a straightforward, honest, sober man. Man was made that way in the very image of his maker. I like to think of a man of that form and mould—Adam was that, the patriarchs of old were that, Christ was that, the Apostles were that.

Runan after passing through the forge and the fire was that. And there are other "thats." I think John Knox was that, that many of the Pilgrim Fathers, the heroes of the Revolution, the founders of this nation and the millions of others who have never made a track on history's page were the very embodiment of their designer. How important to us and our generation that we maintain this heritage. We ought not to live in such a way that our children could not after our race is run refer to us with pride. Don't you think so? Be honest now, and say "yes" only if you mean it. Otherwise say, "no; I believe in a man being a dog and not the image of the one who fashioned and formed me."

Dear friend, these questions and answers are very pointed but none too much so for this particular age of our lives. And now, ere we part, and since we were aroused only a few mornings ago, in its wee hours, to find ourselves in the dawn of a brand new year, let us, you and I, if God permits us to live, walk in the way that is well-pleasing. Let us stay sober, walk orderly, upright, honest and clean. Let the old year keep forever hid in its archives the foolishness and the follies that so much encumbered us. May every person in the mountains do all he can to spread good influences everywhere, be the honest wish of this humble petitioner.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

There is an old legend that runs in this wise: At creation's dawn an angel came down to earth, and before returning looked about for something to carry back to heaven. There were three things that attracted the attention of the white-winged messenger—a bouquet of sweet flowers that had been gathered from one of earth's fair and blooming gardens, the smile of a little baby that had been playing with a sunbeam, and a mother's love. These three the angel carried away, but when it reached the pearly gates of paradise the flowers had withered—the

baby's smile had vanished. Only the mother's love remained the same, and being found as pure and eternal as the waters that flowed by God's throne, all the angels that reigned above exclaimed in unison, "There is nothing on earth pure enough for heaven but a woman's love!" This was a tribute containing a sublime thought. And through all the ages it has been human experience that the angels referred to in that legend were not over-extravagant in the message which they passed out through the open windows of the "many mansions" along the banks of the "River of Gold."

Speak kindly to your neighbor. Perhaps the nature you have inwardly called morose and selfish is only over-sensitive, and the social word you utter may cause it to unfold and expand, and become indeed a power for good.

THE GIRL ON THE FARM.

The farmer's girl does not generally realize the advantages she has for self improvement over the society girl or those situated in other positions of life. The freedom and independence of farm life afford opportunities for study which, if rightly employed would develop our farmers' girls into the professional women workers of our times. How is it, girls, and especially you girls on the farm, that we hear so often of the "self made man" (and most of our great men are of that class) and so little of the self made woman? Our farmer boys become great lawyers, statesmen, etc.; have you not the same opportunities as they? The girl who has been raised on the farm, and has aspirations to any of the professions, generally conceives the idea that she must get away from the farm to do her studying, at the very first jump. Do not be too hasty in leaving the farm, where you can keep such perfect health, which is the great requisite to a brilliant mind. And, first of all, before you aspire to any professional work, learn your duties as a housekeeper. Household work will not interfere with study. You require exercise, and there is none better than keeping a farm house. And if you do not wish to take up any profession, study will not harm you; make the most of the talents nature has given you, and when the happy fellow is met your happiness will be of the kind that you will not regret the time you considered wasted in study. Do not be too hasty in running your neck into the matrimonial noose. If you from choice should remain single (do not fear you will have to from necessity) you will find plenty of work to do, plenty of burdens to lighten and plenty of loveless ones upon whom to lavish the wealth of your charitable affections. Be assured that true happiness is not found in living for one's self alone. Do your best, make the most of the material at hand, and at the close of life's journey you will enjoy that peace, that knowledge of a well spent life alone can give.

W. B. FORD FURNITURE CO.
Incorporated
NORTON, VIRGINIA.

Miss Letitia's Way

By Olive Winston-Gage.

(Copyright, by Ford Pub. Co.)

"I would like to know to whom Miss Letitia will give that beautiful pinkish mauve crepe de chine," mused Betty Cleveland; she was still called Betty by most people who knew her, and secretly she liked the abbreviation better than the real name Elizabeth.

"Last year she gave Molly a beautiful church and street tailored dress, and this year she has ordered from that perfectly exquisite visiting card reception dress, and one of us will get it, but which one? Miss Letitia's an old dear, and she says it is her way of indulging her love for pretty things her taste tells her is too juvenile for her, though she's handsome enough to wear anything. I hope I will be the fortunate one this year," Betty thought and blushed. "I do hope so," she said. "I had as well ask daddy for the money as for a hand-brothered crepe, trimmed with flounces of the finest point lace, and hat, gloves, stockings, and slippers to match, and lingerie, hand made, a princess might be glad to wear. I do want that dress, dreadfully, but I will try—more slowly—in to rejoice for the one that gets it. Tracy loves that color—one never does know what decides Miss Letitia in favor of the girl she is playing fairy godmother to—I do hope it will be me."

Betty is a dainty southern maiden of the thoroughbred type, colored like a moss rose, and distracting enough to reduce a dozen swains to despair. She, with half a dozen other girls, met at Miss Letitia's once a week, to take lessons in fine sewing from that handsome spinster.

In her trim walking skirt and pink shirtwaist of soft tucked china silk, Betty looked most captivating, and so Tracy Dunlop took her as they walked toward Miss Letitia's handsome home.

"We will never have another misunderstanding, Tracy," Betty assured him for the hundredth time, and while



"I Got It, You See!"

Tracy might be skeptical, he knew his lady too well to express doubt so soon after being restored to favor.

"I hope not, Betty; think Miss Letitia might let a fellow come and see your charming circle. I say, isn't she handsome for an old girl?"

"You mustn't speak so of her, Tracy; she is our godmother, you know. Did you know I am making Betty's hair for his first short clothes? You should see him, he's such a fine fellow."

"I think Miss Letitia's a brick; must you go in, can't I go to the door with you?" he entreated, as they paused at the gate.

"No," said Betty, absently.

"Then, wait a moment—you do care for me a little, don't you, sweetheart?"

"Yes, when you are a good boy," and with that shaft, she sped up the walk to John Miss Letitia and her flock already assembled in the spacious airy sitting room.

Miss Letitia Houghton was a hand some, well-preserved woman of fifty-five or six, with a fine figure, and a splendid head of silvery hair, very becoming in her rosy cheeks and bright eyes. Everything about her was sumptuous; her dress of violet velvet and point lace made her look like a duchess of an ancient castle, surrounded by her minions. The resemblance was further enhanced by the curved chair in which she sat enthroned, as it were.

By what means Miss Letitia would arrive at her decision regarding the dress, none knew; what it was they did, or left mud, or what they did to commend themselves to her, they never knew. She did not decide by their skill at needlework, or by their prompt attendance, so they were totally in the dark.

"Laggard Betty," exclaimed Miss Letitia, playfully, enjoying, as she always did, the girl's fresh bluntness. "Luncheon will be ready in half an hour or so; make up for lost time; Betty, those hand-runs ticks, feather stitched, are beautifully done."

"You see, Tracy tagged along, and when he's with you the distance is much farther; you get to chatting, you know."

"Yes, my dear, I know; I have been young."

"When I am coming to those highly prized lessons, my feet are wrenched," murmured the correct Myra.

"Yes," observed Miss Letitia, with a quick glance from her gold-rimmed glasses at the quiet figure, "you were never five minutes late at an appointment in your life, Myra."

Her white jeweled hand rested on Betty's curly dark brown head. Encouraged by that she thought was high praise, the correct Myra proceeded to give her friends a highly moral lesson:

"Jane, I was so sorry to hear what I heard today."

"I do not know what you mean," replied Jane.

"Why, that your brother—you know people talk so much—I heard he had been wild at college and your father had sent for him to come home."

"Brother has been studying too hard, and papa took him from college," said Jane Pogram.

"Really?" incredulously, "then the story of high playing wasn't true! I see, I hope your father wasn't very angry at your being out driving at late last night."

"A shaft broke and detained us, but I had been home an hour when you drove by with Luther Awkright."

There was general laughter at this thrust, and the correct Myra was covered with confusion a moment; then she said:

"Mr. Awkright took me to see one of my poor girls who wasn't well."

"Luther Awkright paying visits to that kind!" ejaculated Deborah; none believed Myra.

"Judge not—we know the real Betty, why did Tracy leave his place so suddenly? Is it true he was dismissed?"

The face of every girl was flaming, and Miss Letitia spoke with authority.

"Children, do not recriminate; let your needles fly, but don't handle any other sharp things. Myra, learn charity before you preach it. Betty, trust that Tracy has a good reason for giving up his place."

"I do, Miss Letitia."

"We will go to luncheon. Put up your work."

A week later, a vision in pinkish mauve and lace danced into the Cleveland drawing room, and as Tracy caught the girlish form in his arms, Betty exclaimed breathlessly:

"I got it, you see, the dress I told you about, Tracy," earnestly, "I'm so glad you've a place on Mr. Brown's editorial staff."

"Yes, dearest, that is vindication enough; from my late employer I have a written statement that my discharge was for nothing derogatory."

"I was sure of that. Isn't my dress lovely? Look at it, sir, and not at me."

"It's beautiful, but not half so beautiful as its wearer."

Miss Letitia sent each girl a hand some bound copy of "The School for Scandal," included in a large box.

"She'll make the application, or she's not as quick as I thought her; girlish fancies I can condone, but prudence and spite in a girl not 22 I have no patience with. Here comes Betty in her crepe, with that fellow, Tracy. Ah, well, who can any old maid be lonely, when she has young friends to mother, and give a nut to on their marriage. Come in to your godmother, children."

THE WOMAN AT THE WINDOW.

Why She Sat There and Waited as the Crows Went By.

The late afternoon sun cast shadows down the cavernous street. Troops of children, with shrill cries, chased each other from curb to curb, dodging under the feet of horses, miraculously escaping the pressure of ponderous wheels. A block away a grind organ was grinding out "Hallelujah."

At regular intervals the roar of the "L" trains mingled a hazy accompaniment with the street clamor. From fire escapes depended mattresses, blankets, quilts and articles of wearing apparel in defiance of the city ordinances. A nimble youth, scurried east with a long rod in his hand, touching the gas lamps and making them blaze with light, like a necromancer in a play.

Seated at a window on the ground floor of a flat in the middle of the block was an old woman. She wore a neat white scarf around her shoulders and a white cap on her white hair. There were many lines in her face.

As she sat there, passersby knew at a glance that she was waiting. Her tired old eyes dimly conveyed to the tired old brain the panorama of life passing out in front, but her interest in the general aspect of the surroundings was plainly of a listless character.

"An old mother," mused a man who saw her. "She has done her work and is waiting for the long rest. Her children reared, probably, in comparative comfort by the labor of her hands are caring for her in the time of her decline."

"Even now, as the day is dying, she is doubtless waiting for a son or a daughter to come home and salute her with a kiss and an inquiry for her good health. She looks contented and happy, but there is apparent a longing, a yearning such as only a mother can feel. May her end be calm and peaceful as her present condition portends."

And so the man went his way, lost in his own surmises and pleasant deductions. The old woman had not seen him. Her attitude of attention suddenly changed to one of alert inquiry.

The door of the room opened. A cheerful, hunched girl entered and pulled down the window shades and lit the gas.

"Good!" ejaculated the old woman petulantly. "I thought you never was coming!" with them, cigarettes, Margaret—"Mazzetta mamma!"

Grand Combination

Any subscriber who pays cash for the Eagle one year or who pays up his subscription for one year can have the following well known newspapers and magazines at the prices named:

MOUNTAIN EAGLE and Evening Post \$3.55
 Courier-Journal, weekly 1.50
 Times-Star, daily 2.55
 Home and Farm 1.30
 Southern Agriculturalist 1.15
 McCall's Magazine 1.32
 Spare Moments 1.25
 Taylor-Trotwood Magazine 1.75
 Louisville Herald, daily 3.00

You must subscribe through us. No greater opportunity ever offered for a whole year's reading. Sample copies of any paper furnished on application at this office. We make nothing whatever on above propositions but merely do it for the benefit of our readers.

Address, EAGLE, Whitesburg, Ky.

\$2,132.45 Stock of Merchandise TO BE SOLD AT COST

NO ACCOUNTS. Goods sold for cash. Sale begins January 1, 1909. Here are some of the prices:

50c waterproof	40c	" \$1.50 "	\$1.30
25c flannel, all colors	22c	" \$1.25 "	\$1.10
25c tricort	22c	Men's \$11 suits	\$8.50
30c jeans	25c	" \$9 "	\$7
20c "	15c	" \$8.50 "	\$6
Calico, all kinds	5c	Young men's overcoats almost given away	
8 1-2c ginghams	6c	Men's \$3.50 shoes	\$3.20
10c outing	8 1-3 and 9c	" \$3 "	\$2.75
6c domestic	5c	" \$2.50 "	\$2.25
7c "	6c	" \$2 "	\$1.75
8 1-2c "	6c	" \$1.50 brogan standard	\$1.35
6c cotton cloth	5c	Women's \$2.50 shoes	\$2.25
7c "	6c	" \$2 "	\$1.80
Men's \$1 fancy shirts	80c	" \$1.75 "	\$1.50
" 75c "	60c	" \$1.50 "	\$1.25
" 50c "	40c	" \$1.25 "	\$1.10
Men's \$3 pants	\$2.75	Men's \$2 hats	\$1.75
" \$2.50 "	\$2.25	" \$1.65 "	\$1.40
" \$2 "	\$1.60	" \$1.25 "	\$1.10
		Etc. Etc.	

QUEENSWARE—No end to it, and less than wholesale prices. The articles mentioned here are only to show you how things are running, and is nothing like a complete list of the stock.

Yours till I see your smiles,

JOHN A. WEBB.

Honor Your Dead!

Perpetuate Their Memory By Purchasing Your Monuments and Tombstones

From EAST KENTUCKY MARBLE AGENCY, John S. Webb, Manager, Thornton, Ky.



The Best and Cheapest Marble Products to Be Found in the South and East.

Let Your Wants be known by calling on or addressing me. Will be glad to call on You.

JOHN S. WEBB, THORNTON, KY.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES

SAM COLLINS, PROP. WHITESBURG, KY.

FIRST-CLASS HORSES, GOOD FARE, RATES REASONABLE. HUTCHING SHEDS IN CONNECTION

Very Serious

It is a very serious matter to ask for one medicine and have the wrong one given you. For this reason we urge you by buying to be careful to get the genuine—

THE FORDS' BLACK-DRAUGHT Liver Medicine

"The reputation of this old, reliable medicine, for constipation, indigestion and liver trouble, is firmly established. It does not irritate other medicines. It is better than others, or it would not be the favorite liver powder, with a larger sale than all others combined."

SOLD IN TOWN F2

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR COUGHS AND ALL THE CAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

EARLY RISERS

The famous little pills.



Do you remember, as a boy, how delighted you were with your first STEVENS? Truly an event at that time. Give YOUR BOY a STEVENS now. Will add to his happiness and education.

MAKE A MAN OF YOUR BOY!

If you cannot obtain STEVENS' CASTORIA—PILLS—FISTULA—From your Dealer, write direct, express prepaid, upon receipt of Catalogue Price.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO. P. O. Box 4088, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Stearns

Do you owe the Eagle anything? Well!

PROFESSIONS.

Adkins Bros.

DENTISTS

WHITESBURG, KY.

JOHN W. HALE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

WHITESBURG, KY.

T. A. COOK,

Physician & Surgeon

DEMOCRAT, KY.

Strict attention given to profession at all hours.

Fitzpatrick & Venters

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

WHITESBURG, KY.

L. H. N. SALVER, S. E. BAKER

Notary Public, U. S. Com.

Salyer & Baker

LAWYERS.

Will practice in the courts of this State and Federal courts.

WHITESBURG, KY.

J. M. BENTLEY

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

WHITESBURG, KY.

Calls promptly attended to at all hours. Phone No. 23.

Wilson & Pursifull

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

WHITESBURG, KY.

Office: Over drug store. Phone No. 11.

R. MONROE FIELDS

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

WHITESBURG, KY.

F. G. FIELDS

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

WHITESBURG, KY.

DAVID M. FIELDS

Physician and Surgeon

WHITESBURG, KY.

DAVID HAYS

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

WHITESBURG, KY.

JOHN H. COMBS

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Indian Bottom, Ky.

SEEDS

SPECIAL OFFER:

Write name of paper in which you saw this advertisement.....

The BARNATTO DIAMOND CO., Girard Bldg., Chicago.

First Please send free sample offer, ring, earrings, stud or scarf (stick) pin catalog.

Name..... R.F.D.No.....

No..... St..... P.O.Box.....

Town or City..... State.....

FREE Sample Offer 15 Days Only

Beautiful, Bright, Sparkling, Famous

Ladies' or Gentlemen's DIAMOND RING

\$5 BARNATTO DIAMOND RING

Brilliance equals genuine—detection baffles experts—fills every requirement of the most exacting—pleases the most fastidious, at only one thirtieth the cost of a real diamond.

As a means of introducing this marvelous and wonderful, scintillating gem, and securing as many new friends as quickly as possible, we are making a special inducement for the New Year.

We want you to wear this beautiful ring, this masterpiece of man's handicraft, this simulation that sparkles with all the beauty, and flashes with all the fire of

A Genuine Diamond

We want you to show it to your friends and take orders for us, as it sells itself—acids at night—and makes

100 Per Cent. Profit—100 Per Cent.

For you, absolutely without effort on your part.

We want good, honest representatives everywhere, in every locality, city or country, in fact, in every country throughout the world, both men and women, young or old, who will not sell or pawn The Barnatto Simulation Diamonds under the pretense that they are Genuine Gems, as such action with simulation diamonds sometimes leads to trouble or embarrassment.

If you want a simulation diamond, a substitute for the genuine, DON'T WAIT, ACT TODAY, as this advertisement may not appear again.

Fill out Coupon below and mail at once. First Come, First Served.

Write name of paper in which you saw this advertisement.....

The BARNATTO DIAMOND CO., Girard Bldg., Chicago.

First Please send free sample offer, ring, earrings, stud or scarf (stick) pin catalog.

Name..... R.F.D.No.....

No..... St..... P.O.Box.....

Town or City..... State.....

White's Cough Syrup

Stops that Tickling, and Strengthens the Lungs

Manufactured By

W.G. WHITE & COMPANY

Incorporated

manufacturing Chemists

LOUISVILLE, . . KENTUCKY

For sale by all merchants. If your merchant does not have it in stock write us direct.